

Something Important

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Something Important

by [Not4typicalwriter](#)

Summary

Day 1: Royalty and Candles

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"If you don't tell me," Foyet said to Dream. "I'll just go ahead and kill your king then."

The four swords inched closer to George's throat. Dream's eyes flashed but he kept himself composed enough to look back at Foyet.

"See how well that works out," Dream replied. "You'll be very surprised about how it's going to end for you." He smirked. "I'll give you a hint, it won't end with you being king."

"Can't hurt the king, so-" Foyet said. "Change of plans then."

Foyet punched Dream across the face again. He pulled Dream by the hair, tilting his head up. Foyet slowly pressed the blade of his sword onto Dream's neck as he looked at George.

"Tell me how to get the throne," Foyet said. "Or I kill your knight."

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In which the L'Manberg Kingdom are caught by unexpected betrayal and an attempted coup. That's when everyone starts to evaluate which things are really important.

Notes

DNF week baby, let's go

i think it's super fitting that the start of the week is the Royalty AU and the Royalty AU being my most popular fics, so I CAN'T NOT write a fic that is part of my series.

so yeah, not really a one-shot, part of the series. Hope yall enjoy.

for newcomers: SORRY THERE IS A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE CONTENT AND NOT PURE DNF. THE WORLD BUILDING IS LARGE

also candles aren't too relevant in this lol soRRY

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"No, don't!"

How did it get this bad?

They were comfortable that's how. They got too comfortable.

Things were good. Things were perfect, in fact.

George and Dream were planning their wedding. Sapnap and Karl were had officially started sharing a room. They'd just celebrated Techno's second year staying at the palace. They've invited new members into the castle by the names of Hannah Rose and Foolish.

Ranboo got over his fear of water (kind of). That was big. Phil and Niki were very patient at teaching him. Ranboo, Tommy, Tubbo, and Purpled turned eighteen within about 6 months, there were plenty of celebrations.

Wilbur made a new song. Fundy had a special friend by the name of 5up visit the castle. Tubbo got along with him very well. So many more things happened.

They were happy. Should've known it wouldn't last long.

It all started on a Wednesday. Nothing happens on a Wednesday. No specific training, no family dinners, life as usual at the palace.

"Bad," Skeppy called. "Where's King George?"

"Uhm," Bad looked up from his book and started looking around. "I haven't seen him since breakfast. He's not in his office?"

"Tried that," Skeppy said. "Any other suggestions?"

"Library?" Bad suggested.

"Tried that too," Skeppy said.

"Maybe he went back to bed with Dream," Bad said.

"That's weekend-George not weekday George," Skeppy reasoned.

"Horseback riding," Bad said.

"On a Wednesday morning? I thought you were the smart one," Skeppy said.

"Look, I don't know, I'm sorry okay?" Bad said. "I'm trying to place orders for the wedding suits, contact the florists, bakers, send out invites- Skeppy, I'm really busy."

"Alright, alright," Skeppy raised his hands. "I'll go find someone else."

When one Steward fails, go find the other one. Skeppy finally found Phil at the rooftop, standing very ominously at the ledge.

"Phil," Skeppy called.

"Yes?" Phil answered, turning around so quickly that Skeppy nearly bit his own tongue in fear of Phil falling off the roof.

"Why do you look like you're about to jump?" Skeppy said.

"Because I was," Phil said, one hand reached his back as he waved the Elytra to show Skeppy.

"Shouldn't you have a spotter?" Skeppy asked.

"Yeah, Wilbur is down there," Phil nudged his head towards the ground. Skeppy leaned over the tower window and saw Wilbur looking up at them. "What do you need before I jump off?"

"Do you know where King George is?" Skeppy asked.

"Haven't seen him since breakfast. Check the library," Phil said.

"Not there," Skeppy said.

"He's probably in the tunnels somewhere," Phil said.

"What tunnels?" Skeppy said.

"Secret passageways across the castle," Phil told him. "He and Dream hides there a lot. Probably practicing how to dance for their wedding. Haven't you heard that story?"

"No, not really," Skeppy said. "So that's a no?"

"No, I have no idea where they are," Phil said. "You can ask Sam, he probably knows where they are. Anyway, see you downstairs." He saluted before jumping off the tower.

Sam, it is then. Skeppy went around the castle to finally find Sam in the courtyard standing guard alongside Ranboo.

"Sam, have you seen the King?" Skeppy asked. "Phil said maybe the tunnels?"

"No, I haven't, why?" Sam said.

"Why," Skeppy said in disbelief. "You are the first person to ask me why," he mumbled.

"Skeppy you alright there?" Ranboo asked.

"No," Skeppy said. "I was just getting concerned about the attacks coming up this way."

"What attacks?" Sam asked.

"Apparently some group is hitting all the kingdoms and they're heading this way," Skeppy said. "Queen Aurelia managed to fend them off her kingdom, but they were under attack and she lost a handful of soldiers."

"Some group?" Ranboo asked. "Like what?"

"Like Technoblade but worse," Skeppy said.

"Worse how?" Sam said.

"Worse because Techno chooses targets with a brain cell, and he clearly likes King George for a reason. But also worse because they're not as good at what they do in comparison to Techno, hence it's a group of what? A dozen something people? Worse," Skeppy rambled off.

"Okay, Skeppy, okay," Ranboo attempted to calm Skeppy down. "You're good, you're good, we'll-"
" He looked at Sam for help.

"We'll add reinforcements and add more guards each shift, we'll be fine," Sam said. "When was the attack on Queen Aurelia?"

"Last week," Skeppy said.

"And why are we just hearing this now then?" Ranboo asked.

"Because-" Skeppy shuddered. "Because apparently they like to keep hostages and Queen Aurelia have just sent the message. They left her kingdom last night.

"Oh," Sam said. "Oh, I-" Sam looked around in absolute terror. "I don't know how you're so calm."

"I'm not calm, I've just been passed around all morning. Sapnap to Tommy who said Tubbo apparently would know where Dream was, then Ant, then he sent me to Puffy, then Bad, and Phil-" Skeppy said.

"Well, you should've called for an emergency meeting," Sam said. "Ranboo, put everyone on high alert, Code Redstone level 9."

Ranboo nodded as he began to run off.

"I didn't wanna step on the King's toes, or cause panic unnecessarily-" Skeppy said.

"You're not, you're good," Sam assured. "Hey, patrols!" He yelled at Niki and Eret as they were patrolling by. "Find George and Dream, go *now*."

Niki and Eret shared a look before running inside the castle to look for the royal couple.

"So what do they do?" Sam asked Skeppy. "Are they just attacking kingdoms?"

"At an insane speed," Skeppy nodded. "Queen Aurelia is the 4th attack this month. It's mostly

money, but sometimes it's recruiting and assassination, and full-on takedowns."

"We should go find Technoblade," Sam said.

"I tried that too," Skeppy said. "First one I tried actually, I can't find him anywhere."

"Alright let's focus," Sam said.

"Sam," Ranboo called as he came running back, Karl and Q on his tail. "We're too late."

"What do you mean we're too late?" Sam asked.

"Dream and George aren't *in* the castle, they snuck out to the river a few hours ago, right after breakfast," Karl said.

"We've been trying to find them and we got a trail-" Quackity began.

"Hold, hold," Sam stopped him. "We're getting Sapnap, Callahan, Phil, and Bad then we'll have this conversation."

"Sam we're too late," Ranboo repeated. "They took them."

Turns out Dream and George aren't even in the castle. Of course not. Wednesday is a particularly slow day, so Dream thought, why not take his King on a walk by the riverside. You know, where they've always spent time together growing up.

"And thank god for Bad, I can't look at another guest list-" George exclaimed. "I just wanna run away. Just marry you, and take off. I don't know, hide in the Nether roof or something."

"Hm, romantic," Dream mumbled jokingly.

"I'm sorry, it's not that I don't want to celebrate you, I do!" George said. "But seating? Seating? Like I care who's gonna sit with who? Apparently, you can't seat Jeavudd and Gwelidric royalties together because they still have a treaty on hold, that's been on hold for 2 years so who knows if they're going to get resolved any time soon."

"Maybe you *should* sit them together so they can talk about it," Dream muttered. "Two years?"

"And for the exact opposite reason, we can't sit Lady Cordelia from Zimar and Prince Castor from Celahar together or they'll just end up making out in the bathroom," George rolled his eyes.

"Didn't they both-" Dream asked slowly.

"Yep," George grimaced. "Unfortunately because of the way things work, a chunk of the guests are going to be people who may or may not have shown up during my suitor day."

"And they get to see who they lost to," Dream mumbled. "Great," He drawled sarcastically.

"I don't want to get married," George mumbled and Dream choked a laugh. "Wait no I mean I don't want a wedding. I want to get married, I do, I do. I just don't think it's important."

"You don't think a wedding is important?" Dream asked. "You're a king."

"You're important," George answered easily. "I don't care for a wedding or if people know or not, I love you, you're the only thing that matters."

"We can run," Dream offered with a smile on his face. "Just run. We can-"

Dream suddenly stopped in his tracks and swiveled his head around. His hand that was previously holding George's went straight for the hilt of his sword. He heard rustling and immediately placed George between him and the river to deter any oncoming attack.

"You hear something?" George asked and Dream nodded.

"Yeah, we gotta get-" Dream said.

Before Dream could finish, a figure dashed out from the direction in the woods, now standing in front of them. Dream's sword was halfway out but when he registered who it was, he relaxed.

"Techno, don't do shit like that," Dream rolled his eyes. "You spooked us."

"I'm sorry," Techno said lowly.

"Techno?" George questioned.

"I'm really sorry," Techno said again before putting on his boar mask.

Before Dream and George could process what was happening or going to happen, Techno threw a glass of bottle at Dream's foot. The potion exploded into a cloud of smoke that engulfed Dream before Techno surged forward and decked Dream across the face.

The potion and the hit were enough to immediately send Dream to the ground before George could react. Techno harshly grabbed George by the arm as George tried to kneel to help Dream.

"What's wrong with you?" George spat.

Techno held George against his body, arm choke holding George's neck. George struggled to break out but he stopped the moment he felt the tip of a knife against his neck.

"Techno," George choked out. "Please."

"I found him," Techno called out loudly.

George felt his heart drop when he saw men start to walk out of the woods. Two, five, seven men, George stopped counting. He felt defeated.

One man who was also wearing a mask stood out from the rest. He walked forward and bent down as to look at George in the eyes. George saw his demonic smile before he took off his mask, finally making eye contact.

"Hello your majesty," He greeted. "The name is Baz Foyet, future King of L'Manburg."

"-and all I found are over a dozen footsteps," Quackity said. "And drag marks, struggling drag marks."

"How many sets of drag marks?" Sam asked.

"Two sets," Karl said. "That's Dream and George, gone."

"I should've gone with them," Sapnap said angrily. "I should've fucking-"

"Sapnap this isn't your fault," Skeppy said. "It's mine really, I should've told someone sooner."

"No, I should've listened," Bad groaned. "Rather than trying to deal with the wedding-"

"Phil, what do we do?" Ranboo asked.

"I don't-" Phil shook his head. "I don't know. Techno might know, we should go find-"

"Actually," Quackity interjected. "I don't know how to tell you this but we found-" Quackity looked at Karl for support.

"We found Techno's knife," Karl said as he held out the weapon to Phil.

Phil moved forward and took the knife. He stayed silent as he examined it. Carved at the hilt was a pair of wings. Phil knew it well. It had been his knife after all.

"So Techno was there?" Ranboo asked.

"There are two drag marks," Quackity repeated. "Only two."

"Either there's too many of them, so Techno, Dream, and George couldn't run away," Sam said. "Or-"

"There's no *or*," Wilbur said adamantly. "Techno wouldn't do that."

"There are two drag marks," Sapnap said. "Look, I like Techno as much as the next guy. But this is exactly what he does. He does this for a living, going from kingdom to kingdom- I'm not saying he's behind it, but the possibility of him being involved isn't zero."

"Techno didn't do this," Phil finally piped up.

"Phil I know you're really close to him," Sapnap said. "But Dream and George are in danger, we can't ignor-"

"Techno has multiple weapons on him at all times," Phil said. "He could've used any of his weapons but he didn't, he used mine. My knife, that I gave him for his two years. And look-" Phil held out his knife out. "You didn't clean this correct?"

"No, we didn't," Karl shook his head.

"Spotless. Not a drop of blood," Phil said. "He didn't use it."

"Okay," Sam said. "Techno didn't do this, so we have to figure out what happened."

"What are we talking about?" Tommy suddenly spoke and scared the group who were crouching in a hallway talking in hushed tones.

"Jesus Tommy," Wilbur sighed. "Don't worry about it, just go."

"No, Ranboo gets to listen, why can't I?" Tommy said adamantly. "I'm bored."

"Ranboo was unfortunately there for the start of the conversation Tommy," Sam said. "That's why he got to stay. We'd rather not have anyone else know about this, not yet."

"But why?" Tubbo piped up.

"Where are you guys coming from?" Wilbur exclaimed.

"Why've you got Techno's knife?" Tommy asked. "That's important to him, he won't even let me touch it."

"And where is Techno anyway?" Tubbo said. "He was supposed to teach me parkour."

"Just tell them," Philza said exasperatedly. "Tell them, everyone's going to know at some point."

"Tell us what?" Tubbo said.

"A group of mercenaries has been attacking kingdoms and they may have taken King George and Dream," Ranboo said. "They're missing."

"No they aren't," Tommy said. "They're in the throne room."

"What do you mean?" Skeppy said.

"Throne room," Tommy said. "Tubbo and I were walking past and we saw the door was closed. It's usually open and when it wasn't I wanted to see what's inside. It's locked, so I jiggled the door."

"Then what?" Sapnap said.

"Nothing happened, but I mean-" Tommy muttered. "Who else has the key to lock the throne room?"

"Me and Phil," Bad said. "We didn't lock it, we never lock it. And neither will George."

"They're inside?" Karl said.

"How did they get inside?" Quackity exclaimed.

"Phil, the tunnels," Skeppy said.

"Wait, everybody come with me," Phil said as he hurriedly made his way to the nearest secret passageway that he knew of.

Phil pushed the door open and everyone else blinked in shock. He immediately walked in, leaving everyone no choice but to begrudgingly follow him into the dark tunnels.

"Phil, what-" Bad said.

"Shh," Phil shushed. "Look at the floor."

"What's on the floor?" Tommy asked.

"Wax drippings. Candle wax drippings. Heading towards the throne room," Phil explained.

"Bad-" Wilbur said. "What can they do in there, what are the rules?"

"There is *one*-" Bad emphasized. "There is *one* course of events that could take place that would give one of them the throne."

"That's a possibility?" Sapnap exclaimed only to immediately be shushed by everyone.

"We have to get them out," Bad said. "Now."

"Wake up."

George had to bit his own tongue as he watched Foyet attempt to wake Dream from passing out. His anger was unmatched when Foyet kicked Dream awake.

But what could George do? He was sitting on the throne, two mercenaries on each of his sides with weapons on standby ready to execute him.

The weapons and impending death are not what George was concerned about. The reason George struggled to breathe was listening to Dream groan and he blinked awake.

"Wake up," Foyet bent down and pulled Dream up by the hair.

Dream grunted as Foyet dropped him on his knees, hands still tied behind his back. Dream was panting, readjusting with the shock of what just happened.

"George," Dream called when he saw the four sword tips pointed at George. Foyet immediately struck Dream across the face.

"You don't talk to him, you talk to me," Foyet said easily. "This is my throne room now."

"The fuck do you want?" Dream spat venomously.

"I introduced myself but I guess you were knocked out," Foyet said, looking across the throne room at Techno.

Everything came rushing back to Dream, the walk on the riverside, Techno, and how he came out of the woods, poisoned him, and knocked him out.

"You're looking at your future king," Foyet said.

"No," Dream said immediately.

"No?" Foyet asked.

"No," Dream scoffed.

Foyet turned and struck Dream down again. Dream had started to taste blood in his mouth and his ear started ringing. Dream peaked at George and saw him clenching his jaw, eyes closed as he turned away slightly from the impact.

"You'll never be king," Dream stated. "You can't."

"Watch me," Foyet said. "See I woke you up solely to be a witness when I execute your king. Then the throne will fall to me, and you will be bound to the throne and have to declare me king."

"That's funny," Dream said condescendingly. "Whose rules are you playing with?"

"What is he talking about Blade?" Foyet said.

"I would assume that perhaps," Techno said. "They may have changed their throne ascension rules."

"Ooh," Dream chuckled. "Fun huh?"

"What are the rules?" Foyet said.

"Right," Dream said. "Because I'm going to tell you," He said sarcastically.

"Blade?" Foyet called.

"How am I supposed to know? I've been scoping them out only as much as you have," Techno said.

"If you don't tell me," Foyet said to Dream. "I'll just go ahead and kill your king then."

The four swords inched closer to George's throat. Dream's eyes flashed but he kept himself composed enough to look back at Foyet.

"See how well that works out," Dream replied. "You'll be very surprised about how it's going to end for you." He smirked. "I'll give you a hint, it won't end with you being king."

"Can't hurt the king, so-" Foyet said. "Change of plans then."

Foyet punched Dream across the face again. He pulled Dream by the hair, tilting his head up. Foyet slowly pressed the blade of his sword onto Dream's neck as he looked at George.

"Tell me how to get the throne," Foyet said. "Or I kill your knight."

Both Dream and Foyet saw George's eye widened in fear. Dream felt like he was punched in the gut when he felt Foyet grin victoriously.

"You can't kill me," Dream deterred the conversation to distract George's panic.

"I think decapitation works pretty well," Foyet replied.

"You cannot kill me in a way that matters," Dream corrected. "Because as long as my king is alive, he's the only thing that's important to me."

Foyet's eyes flickered dangerously, though Dream continued to smirk through the blood filling his mouth and the rope burns on his wrists.

"And I know you can't kill him," Dream stated. "The moment you touch a single hair on him- lay even a finger on him- you will lose the chance to walk out of here alive."

"You think I'm scared?" Foyet asked.

"No," Dream said easily. "I think you're stupid."

A sickening thwack echoed in the throne room as Foyet struck Dream across the face with the hilt of his sword once again. Dream continued to chuckle maniacally, much to George's distress.

"Kill me!" Dream screamed. "Fucking do it, I dare you."

Dream knew he was getting on Foyet's nerves and he watched as Foyet raised his sword.

"No, don't!" George called out. "Don't- don't listen to him."

"George-"

"Shut up Dream," George snapped back. "Don't listen to him. You can have the throne, I'll peacefully step down and you can have-" he gulped. "You can have my crown."

"Isn't that sweet?" Foyet sang. "What's the protocol?"

"Paper, pen, and a wax seal. I'll sign it over," George told him.

Foyet waved his hand to indicate to the rest of his mercenaries to go find the things they need. George watched as a few of them left through the tunnels George had to lead them in through.

Foyet dropped Dream to his knees, as Dream doubled forward, coughing up a bit of blood. George couldn't care less about the four swordsmen that were assigned to hold him on the throne. He slid past and made his way towards Dream.

"Dream-" George went to held up Dream's beaten-up face. "You don't know how to shut up, do you?"

"I'm really bad at controlling my tongue," Dream said weakly. "Especially when my king is in danger."

The swordsmen made their way towards George who was still kneeling in front of Dream. Dream wanted to lash out the second he saw them come forward and point a sword at George.

"Leave them," Techno called out. "They've lost anyway."

The swordsmen backed away, leaving Dream and George alone together at the center of the throne room. Dream glanced towards the corner of the throne room, eyes meeting Technoblade.

Stranger turned frenemy, turned ally, turned friend. He may have gone as far as say family if he hadn't been involved in this takedown. He felt betrayed.

No, he *was* betrayed.

"Told you we could do it," Foyet said. "You said we could never take down L'Manberg,

But then he saw Techno, under the boar skull, still looking at Dream and George through his peripherals.

"No," Techno said. "I said *you* couldn't do it. *We*, is a different story."

"I must be lucky you answered the call then," Foyet said.

"You could say that," Techno said.

"I don't know what happened to you," Foyet said. "You used to be great, and you've just disappeared. I had to take over the Syndicate that you abandoned."

"This isn't the Syndicate," Techno muttered snidely. "I didn't build the Syndicate to take down tyrants and just replace them with another."

"Perhaps," Foyet said. "But I'm not a tyrant."

"So you say," Techno hummed.

"Where have you been? Seriously," Foyet said. "I couldn't even find you at your base, you just showed up yesterday."

"Around," Techno said.

"You've gone soft haven't you?" Foyet said.

"If I've gone soft, I wouldn't have helped you with the L'Manberg intel," Techno challenged. "You wouldn't even make it past the front gates."

"You still have god complex huh?" Foyet said.

"Says the man attempting a coup," Techno replied.

"You spew about as much bullshit as that guy," Foyet nudged towards Dream. "You haven't taken down a kingdom in the last three months."

"Haven't needed to," Techno shrugged. "I don't attack random innocent royals who've yet to do anything wrong."

"No one is innocent," Foyet scoffed.

"True, true," Techno slowly nodded. "Neither are you though, by that standard."

"Was that a threat?" Foyet said. "To your new king?"

"*My* king?" Techno chuckled. "I could *give* you the throne and you still wouldn't be *my* king."

"Then why help?" Foyet asked.

"Bigger picture," Techno answered simply.

Foyet's eyebrows furrowed in confusion and Techno smirked. Techno slowly walked away from him, sword dragging on the floor. He was walking towards Dream and George, both still whispering something. Both stopped when Techno stood behind Dream.

"Anyway," Techno mumbled. "Can we pick up the pace here? Come on. I'm getting really *sleepy*. Where are your *boys*?" He tilted his head at Foyet. "Let's get this coronation thing going right? We have to- what's the word?"

Techno slowly lifted the tip of his sword and placed it close to Dream's hands. George was staring up at him, but Techno was glad George didn't lash out.

"Oh that's right," Techno smiled. "*Incorporate* you into this kingdom."

With a flick of the wrist, Techno cut off the rope that tied Dream's hands together. Techno stayed close, now being the only thing between 4 swordsmen and the royal couple. He liked his odds though.

"What are y-"

"Come in," Techno sang as the door of the throne room opened.

A handful of L'Manberg soldiers flooded the room. Before any of the other mercenaries could move, each of them had multiple arrows pointed at them.

"Move and you die," Sapnap said, keeping his shot steady at Foyet as he walked towards George and Dream.

"Drop your weapons," Sam growled and the mercenaries followed.

Foyet glanced at the tunnels, contemplating his escape. He even moved towards it before the secret entrance opened and Phil emerged, pointing a rocket launcher to his face.

"Don't you even fucking think about it," Phil said.

Foyet glanced at Techno, then at his men, before deciding that maybe he had lost, and raised his hands.

"Did you get them?" Techno asked.

"Four people in the tunnels," Wilbur said and Techno nodded.

"You bastard," Foyet spat at Techno. "Is this what you are now? A tyrant?"

"I'm starting to think you don't know what the word tyrant means, you keep throwing it around," Techno said.

Techno made eye contact with Sapnap and Callahan, feeling much better than he wasn't the only one next to Dream and George anymore. He decided he could leave them, now walking across the throne room towards Foyet.

"What happened to you? The anarchist? The one who made the Syndicate? Killer of kings. What happened to him?" Foyet said.

"Saw the bigger picture," Techno said. "You tried to come for something that's important to me," He mumbled easily. "Now, call me selfish but that kind of trumps everything else."

Techno was now stood in front of Foyet. He raised his sword to the air and looked down at Foyet.

"Bad," Techno called. "An attempt on the king's life is punishable by death correct?"

"Yes," Bad replied.

"Last words?" Techno asked Foyet.

"Fuck y-"

"Techno don-" Phil said.

But Techno had brought his sword down and Foyet's head came clean off his body. Foyet's body came down and his head rolled. Both Tommy and Ranboo instinctively went to cover Tubbo's eyes though Tubbo swatted their hands away.

"And he's dead," Wilbur commented.

"He's right," Techno hummed. "Decapitation does work pretty well."

Words could not begin to describe the relief Techno felt when he heard Dream chuckle softly from George's arms.

"Techno, you didn't have to do that," Phil sighed.

"I was gonna do it anyway," Techno said. "Rather than on my personal mission two weeks from now, why not just do it now?"

"We got your message," Wilbur said. "Dad's knife was clever."

"You only got the knife?" Techno said. "Not the locked throne room, not the candle wax in the tunnels? Or I sent Skeppy a message about the siege this morning."

"You what?" Skeppy said.

"Who do you think sent you the message about Queen Aurelia?" Techno asked.

"I just *got* a message," Skeppy shrugged.

"I told him to lock the throne room, I convinced them to use candles instead of torches to navigate the tunnels because *the L'Manberg castle walls are thin and they could see the bright torches*," Techno said.

"And they believed that?" Ranboo asked.

"They were stupid," Techno said. "Can't defend them."

"Techno," George called.

Upon hearing George's voice, the room fell to a tensioned silence.

"What the *fuck* was that?" George said.

Techno was so caught up talking to his friends that nearly forgot what he'd done. He'd arguably done something really bad. He dropped his weapon and approached Dream and George.

Dream looked rough. No question that he would be black and blue for at least tomorrow if he doesn't drink a healing potion soon. He may also have a few cracked ribs. But Foyet was a shit fighter, Dream would be fine.

"I'm sorry," Techno said sincerely. "When I heard-" he sighed. "I have a special communicator from my time with the Syndicate. I haven't looked at it since I got here two years ago but I got a specific call, a direct alert to me last night. Asking for assistance to take down L'Manberg."

Dream was now leaning on Sapnap and George's shoulder. The longer Techno looked at Dream the guiltier he felt. But he knew he'd done the right thing.

"So I left last night and caught them on their way here. Told them I've been scoping out and I offered a clean plan, an easy plan for him to get the throne," Techno said. "I didn't want to give them time to plan an actual attack."

"Techno you should've told us," George said. "We would've-"

"I know," Techno said adamantly. "I know what I said was true. If I had just told you guys and given us time to plan, they would've never made it past the front door." He crossed his arms. "But Foyet is a madman. If I had given *him* time to plan, even if he knew he was going to lose, he would've brought hellfire. Sent TNTs flying across the walls, launch rockets at the towers. He would've shot down whoever was guarding, patrolling, tower duty, someone would've gotten hurt, gotten killed."

"So you sacrificed us for everyone else," Dream said.

"Unfortunately," Techno said.

"You finally learned how to plan things out huh?" Dream hummed.

"Dream you've got to learn how to keep your mouth shut buddy, I was just trying to get George away from the swordsmen," Techno replied and Dream chuckled.

"And I had to get his attention away from George," Dream said easily.

"I'm sorry," Techno said. "I really am. It was an important decision and not my place to make the call, but-"

Dream removed his arm from leaning on George's shoulder to grab Techno on the face and squeeze his cheeks.

"Stop talking and take me to the goddamn infirmary," Dream said.

Techno exhaled a small sigh of relief and gave Dream a weak smile before taking over from Sapnap and threw Dream's arm across his shoulders, the two walking out of the throne room side by side.

"Are you okay?" Sapnap asked George, engulfing his King in a hug.

"No," George's voice was muffled as he pressed his face into Sapnap's shoulder. "He was asking to get killed. He was going to get himself killed."

"No different than usual then?" Sapnap joked, though his hand was still caressing George's head. George grunted which Sapnap replied by squeezing him a little harder.

"I was scared," George admitted. "I've never been this scared before."

"I know," Sapnap said. "He's alright. He wasn't alone, you're not alone." Sapnap pulled apart and smiled at George. "Go check on Dream, I'll take care of this mess."

"Thank you," George smiled at Sapnap before leaving the throne room and heading straight for the

infirmery.

Techno was on his way out when George reached the door. The two looked at each other silently, the tension more uncomfortable than usual. Techno simply bowed his head slowly before walking away.

Techno has never bowed to royalty, and he never will, but bowing to his friend for forgiveness, he would gladly do. George will not hold it against Techno. He won't. Techno did nothing wrong, but George still needs to process.

George walked into the infirmery and immediately sat on Dream's bed. Dream was lying down, eyes closed as his right hand held an ice pack against his face. George took Dream's free left hand and held it close with both his hands.

And they sat there for a while, not saying anything, not doing anything. Listening to each other's breathing as they both tried to get their heart rate down.

"Are you mad at me?" Dream asked when he noticed the frown on George's face.

"No," George answered shortly.

"Are you mad at me but because I'm injured, you feel bad and so you're trying not to be mad at me?" Dream adjusted his question.

"Maybe," George replied.

"I'm sorry," Dream said. "I'm sorry I couldn't keep my mouth shut and almost got myself killed."

"Again," George added.

"Again," Dream repeated. "I wasn't to die George. I would've been fine."

"Look, we're getting married," George sighed. "I get the whole, I'll lay down my life for the throne, for my kingdom spiel, I do. But when we get married, you're not my knight anymore, you're my husband."

"You're saying husbands won't die for their husbands?" Dream said.

"I'm saying it's not as easy to replace a husband than it is to replace a knight," George insisted. "I don't plan on replacing my best friend either."

"I'm sorry," Dream said again. "I promise I am."

"Now I plan on marrying you, so you don't get to die before then," George said sternly. "Understood?"

"Understood," Dream said as he pulled George's hands towards his face and kissed his knuckles. That was when George finally smiled again. "Are you mad at Techno?"

"Maybe a little," George said. "I'll get over it."

"He did the right thing," Dream said.

"I get that," George replied. "I just don't *love* that it's at your expense."

"You know I would've done the same thing," Dream said.

"Yes," George huffed. "As would I," he grumbled.

"Think we made the right choice with the new ascension rules?" Dream asked.

"No," George said. "I think leaving the responsibility to Techno to pick the next in line, excluding himself, should we both die was the correct choice. And he's proved just that today."

"I'm glad we're all still on the same page," Dream grinned. "He understands when something is important."

Dream scooted over to one side of his bed, inviting his King- his fiancé- to sit by his side. George rested his head softly on Dream's shoulder before feeling Dream lean his head against his.

"So who do you think Techno would've picked?" Dream suddenly piped up. "Obvious answer is Phil, but I don't think Phil would want to."

"Neither would Bad," George grimaced. "Maybe Sapnap."

"Would he pick Sapnap?" Dream said. "I love him but-"

"Oh, oh, maybe Sam," George said. "Sam's good."

"Puffy's good," Dream said suddenly. "Puffy's good too, Techno might choose Puffy."

"Wilbur," George snapped his finger. "Techno and Wil-"

"Eret," Dream offered. "How bout Eret?"

"God, I'm glad we won't have to choose," George chuckled. "I guess I *am* glad Techno can make the hard decisions."

"You know Techno won't have to choose if we have an heir," Dream sang softly.

"Alright," George poked Dream on his bruised ribs causing him to yelp in pain. "Focus on staying alive until the wedding before even thinking about kids you idiot."

"*Your* idiot," Dream grinned.

"My idiot," George agreed.

Right, I haven't posted in a while but here's the thing, I have all fics for DNF week locked and loaded. so I'll be posting every day this week.

so see yall tomorrow, and hopefully throughout the week.

comments and kudos are super appreciated, don't forget to check out everyone's work as well.

suggestions are pog.

Twt: @noimnotJJ

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